Village elders on a ceremonial visit.

[Facing P. 24]

M. Herskovits & Herskovits S-5 (1931-1932) 1934
[illegible] Bush Negroes [illegible]
Saramacca

WHILE THE RIVER WAS HIGH

The sun stood over the sacred silk-cotton tree toward the Gankwe side of the land. Across the path leading from somewhere in the back of our shelter the parasol ants, each with its strip of green many times its size, made their way toward an unknown spot where no shelter stood, and no one trod. Like a wave the wide ribbon of green rose and fell as it crossed the ridges of the pathway. In unending numbers they came, and the lizards darting in and out of the brush swerved in the direction of the shelter to avoid the marching line, so that at our feet things moved now up, now back again.

While the men were at the landing place, one of the women who was drying rice on the high flat rocks opposite our shelter paddled over in her boat, and, passing the men with a formal greeting, walked on and stopped to talk with us. She was not a young woman. Her time for childbearing was long over, her wrinkled breasts sagged almost to her waist. The cicatrized designs which once had stood out so clearly, and in her youth had been so valued, were but faintly penciled on her face and about her breasts. Had she cared, she might have reopened the cuts, might have had ashes rubbed into them to make the keloids stand out black and alive against the dark brown of her skin. But what need had a woman her age to care? What need to urge life into symbols of fertility on face and between breasts and about her navel, when her time for fruitfulness was over? Of what use to reanimate the incised scrolls between her thighs, when the legend they told in terms of reproduction was for her a dead legend?

She came toward us slowly, balancing a bottle on her head. A faded cloth covered her from waist to knee, and at her waist a bit of the kerchief necessary to the attire of the married woman, even at work, could be seen. She wore a few beads on a cord about her neck, but she had no other ornaments, for ornaments were for festive occasions, and the cloth tied about the neck and worn cape fashion was for women who had children to carry straddling their backs, and woven garters below the knee were conceits of the young.

given to the white woman when she returned from up river, yet with it all the thighs would still need to be cicatrized.

"Then," she said, speaking of the cicatrized thighs, "then he simply won't think of any one else, because among you, you will be the only one. We who all have the kamemba must see that it looks well, but you will be the only one."

3

The boys remained with us, amusing themselves by giving us their words for the various objects about us.

The strings about their waists, which formed their only clothing, the fiber cord with the bell about Sabapo's neck, the word for garter, and machete, and shoes, brass, and water jar, and all else they could see were named. A flashlight was a diamond fire, and a collapsible chair a hammock chair, and if we showed them something they had never seen it was a *Bakwe sawi*—a white man's thing.

Sabapo spoke little, for he was a timid child and looked sluggish. He had but few cuts on his body, while Yamati, who was about the same age, had already several fully outlined designs.

"Why have you nothing about your neck, Yameti?"

"Oh, but I have. I have cuts. You can either have an obia cut, or an *obia sawi*—a string. It is to make us live. All children have it."

"And when do they start making kamemba?"

"A long time ago they start. If it doesn't hurt too much, they cut one more, and soon one more. But if it hurts too much, they wait until . . . ." he said, finishing on the word *te* . . . in the characteristic way of the grown narrator who uses the monosyllable to intensify space and time and danger and bravery.

Yamati found so much delight in his rôle as teacher that he became stern with us and had us say the words over again and again. There was the word for firefly which pleased him not at all. "*Mi taki, mi taki-o, mako-ayeye*—I say, I am saying . . . ." ("If you would but listen," his voice

En rio rapido

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REBEL DESTINY

It was Sedefo's boat, there in the distance, tilted to one side in what looked to us like still water. The other canoes turned and paddled furiously to reach him, but he had righted his boat before they could come alongside him, and was off down the river to recover what he had lost. The water had claimed the basket back of the tarpaulin-covered head, and a carved paddle which had slipped off when the canoe tilted. The basket belonged to Sedefo. It held his food for the journey up river and the downgoing. The paddle was also his—the finest he had—and had been intended for ceremonial usage when he called as spokesman for us on village heads asking for a night's hospitality, and particularly at the Grunman's village, and still later on the way home, when he brought political messages in behalf of his clan to friendly clans along the way he passed. He also lost his best cloth; it was not just a piece of striped cotton a man bought in the white man's store; it had been patiently and dexterously pieced together from many pieces of cloth, plain and striped, in a pattern which was known to the ancestors. His young second wife had made it for him. Her first child was an infant at her breast. When she heard about this, she would think of Sedefo's kuno, and be afraid. Was it so big a kuno that it would punish a child of his wife's family, too?

This is what the men said while the boats waited for Sedefo to return from his vain search down the rapids. The men had not expected him to recover the things lost. When kuno took, there was nothing that could be done. And it was kuno. The *Bakra-zani*—the white man's things—had remained in the boat unharmed! We looked at the few rocks against which the boat had crashed. They showed plainly above the water, and the current about them made so small a break in the still water that the spirit of this ruffled pools had never disclosed its name, had never before received notice. The three other canoes had gone through without even the grunts from the paddlers which came when the going was hard, for all that was necessary was to go straight for the rocks, let the current swing the boat

In Residence & Residents 1-5 (1959-1969) 1974
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Sacramento

501
S91

Just above the Mansion.

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S91

Detail of base—feline head on crosspiece.

[Facing P. 84]

In the doorway of one of the huts, a woman squatted over a fire, and at her feet a child sat busying itself with pushing the firewood toward the center. Our cook had planted two forked sticks in the ground, and on them had hung our lanterns, so that we could see the woman silhouetted against the fire and the naked child on the ground singing the sakeri which Bayo had sung for us so many times on the river. Over and over the child tried the air, her mother humming it for her softly, while from the doorway of another house a man sat watching them. We had not noticed him until the lanterns had come. The planting ground at harvest time is not a place a man frequents. He was a strange figure there on his low stool, who sat wrapped to his neck in a large striped cloth. He made not the slightest move, uttered not a single word. But for his cough, he might have been a corpse propped up in the doorway. We stood hesitating whether to cross the short distance between us and the fire to greet the woman and the man, but before we could come close enough to them to speak, we heard Bayo calling us in a voice we had never heard him use in a strange village.

"Bob's, Bob's. Come. They want you inside." When we were out of earshot of the woman at the fire, he said in a whisper, "Do not go over to those houses. Tomorrow when we are away from here, I will tell you why. It is for that I called you."

We had no need, however, to puzzle over Bayo's warning. Our cook, who had heard the conversation of the men, told us that the man in the doorway was a leper.

"You know how it happens, Massa? Among us townspeople it is this way. A child inherits a *trefu* from his father. It is one thing, or many things, he must not eat. If he eats what he should not, then he sickens. We know a person who has eaten his trefu by the spots that come out on his skin. If a man goes on eating the things which are his trefu, then the spots become worse and worse. He becomes a leper. So that's how it is."

He did not at once answer the questions we put to him.

gods do not come to them." There was in her voice contempt for women who had no gods. She was of a reddish-brown color, taller and more slender than most, and the great coils of brass about her arms and ankles told that her beauty had had full recognition. These had come to her at marriage, as had the small earrings of gold which the bonnie had brought to her from French Guiana. With these, too, had come cloths and handkerchiefs, beads and carvings.

If white women had no gods, did they know any of the other things which women must know? Did the white woman wear an apron underneath all her cloths, as women should? Were her thighs cicatrized? Did she cook for her husband, or other men, when she should be isolated in the special house provided for women's monthly visits? Did she purify herself with sacred clay when she emerged from isolation in order not to spoil her husband's obias, for which contact with a woman who has her menses is the deadliest taboo? Why, having borne children, did her figure not show it?

"Have you drums?" the bonnie's wife asked. "Without drums, how do you pray? How do you dance?"

Dancing without drums availed nothing.

"White women have no gods. The gods do not come to them. They are not troubled by the need to dance. White women do not pray," she concluded, seeing that what dancing the white woman did could only be a feeble affair.

"I will send my son to your country. The men who go to the French shore say it is good to know how to count the white man's way. My woman-child I will never send," she finished with finality.

Now it was the white woman's turn to ask a few questions, having done explaining how her boots laced, and why it was that she was dressed very much as her husband was dressed.

The white clay in the hair and on the face of a small child was medicine. The child's mother had washed for her god that morning. He was a god whose day for dancing was Wednesday, and now, feeling the god stir in her, she would

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"In the vast, vast Interstate . . ."

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R25

House of our recently dead.

133

The approach to the Tape Wave falls.

[p. 170 (A)]

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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there not only to tender the courtesy due the guests of the tribal head, but to see that no such mishap occurred to them.

When we had both gained the ascent, he turned to the Granman.

"Headman Yankuso, the Bak'a is before you."

As though just become aware of us, Yankuso fixed us with his eyes, fastening his glance on each in turn.

"Odi, white man. White woman, odi!"

A great figure of a man he was, as he stood there. Tall and massive of build, he towered over those who surrounded him. Barefooted like the rest, there was that in his bearing which was the way of a man who was accustomed to obedience, whose word was final. He was pure Negro. His skin was dark. In his features there was no hint that the lineage of this ruler held any of the blood of the white masters, nor that his ancestors numbered among them Indians who had given way before his invading forbears. His face was impassive, yet underneath the outward immobility was an alertness which the glistening, oil-anointed skin made the more alive. His speech was measured, his words articulated with studied emphasis, which gave to each of them the value of a completed image.

"*Bari*—Cry out!" he called to the women in his vibrant voice. "Halloo, give the welcome of the bush to the people who came."

Amid the renewed cries which his command brought, we turned from the river bank and walked slowly up the path toward the village, past the silk-cotton tree, past the shrine to the ancestors, until we reached an open place on which fronted half a dozen thatched buildings.

"This is my house, white man," he said, pointing to it. "I will put you near me. I will put you in the council house."

4

The council house at Asindopo Lantiwe—the village of Asin, the seat of government—was unlike any we had seen.

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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For a few moments there was a rapid interchange between him and the old man in the yellow coat.

"The down-river men who have brought the white man," the Granman continued his cadenced speech, "will be housed in the village. The four Gankwe men will put up their hammocks in one house. The other four will be put up in my quarter. So it is. So I care. . . . "

"Yes, wise man."

"Gbolo!"

The ceremonial introductions followed, and each chief was praised for his special services to the Granman. The man in the yellow coat was of the Oyo people, a son of a great line, held high in the esteem of men and gods. Sungi was a man who knew much of the white man's wisdom. He had been to the French shore, and knew the French tongue, he knew about white man's medicine, but, friends, he was a child of the bush! And'u was a beloved chief, an honest man, a man to send on missions of trust. The bassia was a clever man, one of the men of And'u's village. The gods loved him, for what his hands touched turned to wealth. He was a good man. He was a friend.

A low cough was heard outside. Slowly the cloth was raised, and crouching into the hut came Kasanya and Bibifo. They were carefully dressed, and each wore a kerchief drawn tightly about his head. These they wore by right of age.

The bassia, lowest in rank, was greeted first, and then each chief in his turn, until the Granman was reached.

"Greetings, G'aman."

"Thank you, friends," came the vibrant answer.

This began the colloquy of inquiry about each other's well-being, which here at court had a longer ritual than anywhere on the river. It was a prelude of measured song which introduced all speech between strangers. Bibifo began timidly and did not show himself equal to the many variations which Kasanya had introduced with ease.

"Friends, I am glad you came. You must tell me what is happening in your villages."

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194 the Granman punctuated the pauses of the men, though not often their meaning.

623 But whatever the reports of the women, and the commands given by the Granman, the word for white man interspersed all of the morning's recitals, and the questions of the Granman and the answers often came fast.

Of the men, the Granman asked little. They came up in pairs usually, and now one, now the other took up the report. Clan names were spoken, and occasionally a village name was mentioned, but on the morning preceding the council of the chiefs, only one village was discussed, and one clan. The name of the village was the forbidden one where we had stopped for the night against the Granman's orders, and the clan was that of one group of our paddlers.

2

574 Early on the morning after our arrival at Asindopo Lantiwe, our paddlers came to see us in the council house. The Granman was busy outside his own house with the chiefs who had gathered for the council meeting, and these men who, like ourselves, were strangers here, came as comrades of an adventurous journey to visit with us and talk over the impressiveness of our reception and the allure of the women of the Granman's village, who were famous everywhere on the river. It was a village where chastity [831] among the girls was closely watched, and where its women [582] were given in marriage to the most influential men on the river.

302 The men were gotten up splendidly. Their bodies glis-
● 291 tened with oil, their cloths were made of the long strips, pieced together by their women, and of patterns which the sun's rays had had no chance to pale. Sedefo's was particularly fine, we thought, but he assured us that it did not compare with the one the river had claimed. His cloth was also made of strips, but the stitching which connected them was a lacy weave, worked in triangles, and made to resemble the vertebrae of a snake. The border was of triangular

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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pieces of red and blue cloth worked with this thread, so that again the white vertebrae showed. Bayo and Angita wore their beads, and each had a garter below the knee of the right leg. Their garters were white in color, but of a whiteness which only new, unwashed cotton has. They were about an inch and a half wide and were so tight that the muscle of the calf bulged prominently. On their upper arms were Kromanti rings of iron which, by contracting, warned the men of impending danger. In addition, Sedefo and Angita wore the bell obia of the Gankwe people, and Bayo his love obia which had come from Lamé.

"When do you go, Sedefo?"

"When the G'aman speaks. When we finish a piece of work, then we do not want to be paid at once. We do not leave at once. It would be as if we had not gone together in pleasure and wanted to be away as soon as possible. With the white man it is one thing. In the bush we do not do it so. Here in the G'aman's village, we do as we do with our own people in the bush," he paused for an instant, and looked about toward the clearing outside the palings. "There is another thing. In the G'aman's village, men cannot leave until the G'aman gives permission. When the G'aman is ready, he will call us. We will speak together. Then we will speak with him again. Then we will ask to go."

Bayo had been looking about the council house with an interest which was not unmixed with awe at the Granman's possessions, and he spoke in whispers.

"Ai, when the G'aman gives permission, then we go."

As he spoke, the cloth over the doorway was gently thrust aside. Bassia Anaisi of the Granman's village entered. He was the man who had fired the saluting gun the day of our arrival and who had at the Granman's call come to serve the visiting chiefs with rum. He now greeted each in turn but did not take down a bench. For a moment he stood there, head lowered out of deference to the character of the place where he was, then he coughed slightly and, turning to us, said, "The G'aman is ready for you. The chiefs are here."

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623 643 [291] Our paddlers rose at once and left the council house. A moment later And'u entered, followed by a group of elders with closely drawn kerchiefs covering their heads. Among these only Kasanya and Bibifo were known to us. Kasanya brought his bench close to ours and moved it yet closer, with a gesture of the head that he wanted to continue the intimacy of our ten days' journey together.

"White man," he said, leaning over and whispering, "call your man from the city. At a krutu a man has someone to speak for him. So we do here."

576 623 643 And so, we soon saw, it was. Address in the council of the Saramacca people was always by indirection. If the Granman wished to speak to one of his chiefs, then he gave his message through another chief, though the man for whom the words were intended might be closer to him or more clearly in view.

643 623 [292] 302 291 Others came in, until the room was half filled when the Granman entered. Today he wore a printed red and black loose coat of knee length, and over it the ceremonial cloth worn by men here in the bush, so that where other men's bare shoulders showed was the sleeve of his coat. On his head were both kerchief and sun helmet. The men were anointed with oil, and many of them wore the jaguar's tooth obia. The last to enter was a man who was well past middle age, and he was followed by the young *obiaman* from S'ei. Both of these men wore the cloths required of men when not at work, but they were not so uncreased, or so new. Nor were their bodies bright with oil. The older man had several broad stripes of white clay from wrist to shoulder of his right arm, and from knee to pelvis on the inner left thigh. Slung from one shoulder and reaching across to the opposite thigh was a white obia made of native fiber, and on his neck were several others. To these [289] obias were added iron bands on his arms, while below his right knee and at the ankle of his right foot were other obias made of fiber and twisted black thread.

623 The men we knew greeted us as they took down their benches and found places against the wall farthest from the

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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"It hurts, doesn't it?"

"*Ma kyé!* It is beautiful. The men like it too much," said the girls in a chorus, laughing at the suggestion that the pain of the cuts would deter them from having them made.

Sometimes, of course, the older girl admitted, the wounds did become ugly. There was the girl from Godo, whose suitor had kept bringing her more gifts because she was growing handsomer and handsomer. She was all but ready for marrying, when one of her thighs became infected after the cuts. The wounds were so ugly that she could not even wear the tunics of the grown girl. The family was sacrificing to all the spirits of the earth, begging them to heal the wounds.

7

These days there were many visitors in the Granman's village. There was the girl the Granman had summoned to dance for his guests. She had, perhaps, that very summer got her cloths, and her reputation as the best dancer on the river had won for her a suitor who gave her many armlets and anklets. Her voice was fresh and flutelike in quality, and so fine that when she sang she placed a folded cloth over her mouth, or danced with her head low. This was the way of modesty before people, and humility before the gods.

The women said, "Her spirits dance well," when they watched her.

There was the large girl from a village down river who came almost daily. She had the body of a woman, yet she went about unclothed, and sometimes she appeared only with a string about her waist.

"She is ready for *pangi*—cloths—ai," the women said, "but her people do not want to give them to her yet."

They would not explain, however, why the attire of a grown woman was denied her. We could only conjecture about it. Perhaps she had no suitor. The man to whom she had been promised might have died. There might be other reasons.

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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Saramacca

"Perhaps the women were wrong. She may not be a woman yet."

"*Ma kye!*" Angita exclaimed. It seemed he knew better.

And there was the woman Amasina. She wore as many armlets and anklets of brass as the shy dancer, as many as the wife of the bassia of S'ei, whom the gods had prospered. Her cloths were of the finest, and in colors which were most often of yellow and blue stripes, with a thread of black interwoven, and another of twisted red and white. She was good-looking, but in her manner there was no smoldering challenge and no undue reserve. With ease she went from one group to another, and the women treated her neither with too much familiarity nor with restraint.

Amasina felt at ease, too, with the white people. In the bush they had an explanation for this feeling of well-being with strangers. If a man and a woman were both born on the same day, they did not get on very well together, for they were both apt to have the same powers to grasp things which came within the province of the gods who also had come into the world on that day. Such a man and woman would at once perceive each other's mistakes or would be given to speaking continual warnings to each other. But there were days which were especially congenial affinities for marriages, and even friendships. These, we were led to see, were days which represented a male and female deity in the Bush Negro pantheon, whose mating had brought well-being to themselves and the living world.

"You and Amasina like each other, ai," they said in the village, and this friendship had a sequel of importance for us.

One late afternoon we were sitting with the women talking about the gods. Dida said the white on her body was for her god Kesekia. Chief And'u had washed her for her god when he was here in the village, and tomorrow she would dance. Kesekia, she said, was a Vodu god, who had come to her from the French shore. When he came to her, he spoke tongues; he knew French.

"Tomorrow they will play the agida drum, and I will put a kerchief on my head tied so," she said, showing how she

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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Bayo and Troes.

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Bow and arrow used for shooting large fish.

[Facing p. 302]

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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A Saramacca elder,
who has Tiger spirit.

Bayo inspects an obia leaf.

[Facing P. 332]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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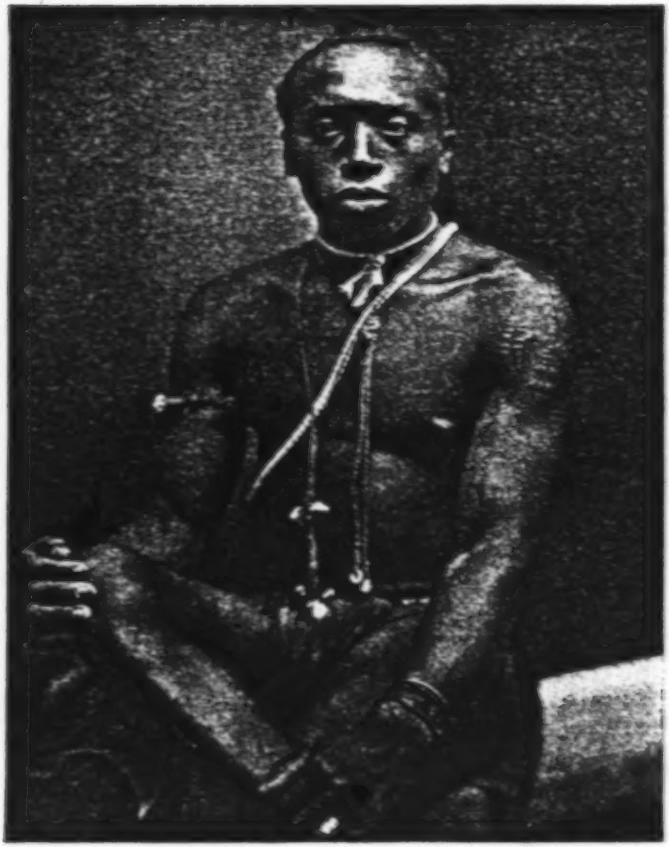

A Typical Bush Negro of the Aucaner Tribe, Lower Cottica River, Dutch Guiana. Note scar tissue decoration on arm.
Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 16]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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Aucaner Woman and Children. Upper Comotibo River, Dutch Guiana.

[Facing p. 24]

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

or Waving Flag. There is also a town cook, known as Bundle.

It is grey on the misty river when we leave Kabel to take up the journey into the interior. The corials are wet with fog.

A group of villagers stands on the bank to watch our departure. The last evidence of civilization is the corrugated iron shack which marks the terminus of the railroad. The baggage has been transferred to the canoes, and the paddlers take their places. We shove off on the tawny river. The villagers shout a farewell: "*Wakka bon na watra, bahkra.*"—"Walk well on the water, white man."

Seeing these black-skinned paddlers dimly through the morning mist, one can easily imagine being on the Niger, headed into the interior of Africa. They are characteristic West African types, with broad noses, thick lips, and kinky hair. There are no evidences of racial mixture, no hybrids, no mulattoes. Noticeably aristocratic in bearing, they are carefully groomed and carry themselves admirably. In parleying with the white man they show no deference, for they have no sense of inferiority. They remember the rebellion.

The corials are paddled over a short stretch of quiet water before the rapids begin. It is not long, however, before the boatmen lay down their paddles and take up the great poles. The rhythmic heaving begins. After a few miles they draw the canoes in to the bank, for no apparent reason. Their wives appear out of the bush, bringing the men some extra supplies for the journey. There is an additional loin-cloth for each paddler, and two togas, worn over the shoulder. The native substitute for a valise, in which these clothes are packed to

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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Bush Negro Group Showing Unfinished Dug-Out Canoe Hewn with Axe.
Photo by Curiel

[Facing p. 40]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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Clearing in a Bush Negro Village, Upper Surinam River.

[Facing p. 44]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

done no little harm. Bush Negroes are not converted to Christianity except in a most superficial way; in moments of stress they quickly revert to the jungle gods. The mission stations incongruously bring into the South American bush not only the God of Israel but also his tribal taboos concerning clothing. The missionaries censure the idea of nakedness, despite the fact that the wearing of clothing produces a higher death-rate among the Christianized Negroes. If a black, drenched in the torrents of frequent rain, is dressed only in a scanty loin-cloth, the sun soon dries and warms his skin. If, on the other hand, he is swathed in flimsy cotton cloth that becomes soaked with water, there is an evaporation and radiation of heat from his body which leaves him chilled and cold. He is then an easy prey to pneumonia or tropical malaria, since his lowered resistance may permit the dormant parasites already present in the blood to proliferate. Thus, imported ideas of sin raise the pneumonia and malaria death-rate.

Bush Negro clothing is simple and effective. While working on the river the men wear only a short loin-cloth, consisting of a small piece of gaudily striped cotton goods. It is held in place by a string of plaited grass, called *cumu* grass. On full-dress occasions the Bush Negro dons another garment, a toga thrown over one shoulder and caught with a knot. The *camissa,* as it is called, is usually of variegated squares and bits of bright cotton sewn together. The brilliant hues against the black skins of the natives make a study in colourful contrast.

The women wear either one or two garments. The com-

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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Interior of a Bush Negro Village on the Cottica River, Dutch Guiana. *Aucaner Tribe.*
Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 46]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

monest is a simple piece of cloth wrapped around the torso from the breast to the knee. Sometimes the breasts are left bare; sometimes they are covered. This is a matter of individual taste, and has no ceremonial significance. Over this lower garment another cloth is sometimes thrown, and clasped at the shoulder. Near the mission stations, of course, and on visits to Paramaribo, much more clothing is used.

The Bush Negroes are not allowed to appear in loin-cloths on the street when they come down to visit Paramaribo, except on the river's side where they land in their canoes. They must have a pair of trousers for any further promenading. There is no objection to the upper parts of the man's body being bared; but the women may not walk about the streets of the capital with their breasts exposed.

If a Bush Negro is not fortunate enough to own a pair of trousers, he may rent one for ten Dutch cents a day (four cents in American money) from small shopkeepers who have their stores near the bank of the river. The traded cloth is fashioned into rough but brilliant trousers for the men, and crude bodices for the women. Even a straw hat may occasionally be seen. In the more remote villages, on the other hand, the women often wear only a short bit of cloth before their genitalia. Most of the children of both sexes wear no clothing until a few years before puberty. About the age of ten they are dressed in their first cloths. For the boy this is a ceremonial occasion, but the girls quietly begin clothing themselves without notice being taken of the event.

In addition to these garments, the Bush Negro indulges in

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Boni

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Palm Fronds Recently Cut to be Used for Thatching a Hut.
Boni Tribe, French Guiana.

[Facing p. 50]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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[Facing p. 843]

Bush Negroes of the Aucaner Tribe Who were Induced to Come to Paramaribo to Dance Before Colonel Lindbergh When the Air Mail Route Was Opened to Dutch Guiana

Photo Given to Dr. Kahn by American Consul to Dutch Guiana, James B. Lawton

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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An Aucaner Mother. Note the Cassava Cakes Cooking Inside the Kitchen.
Photo by Curiel

[Facing p. 64]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

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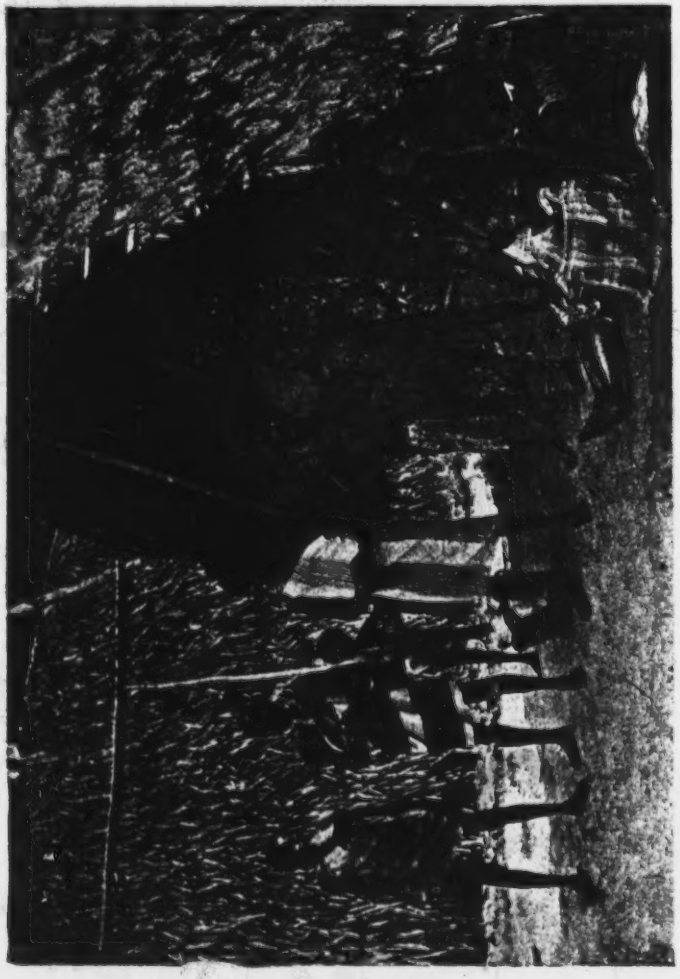

A Family Group, Lower Saramacca River.

[Facing p. 92]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

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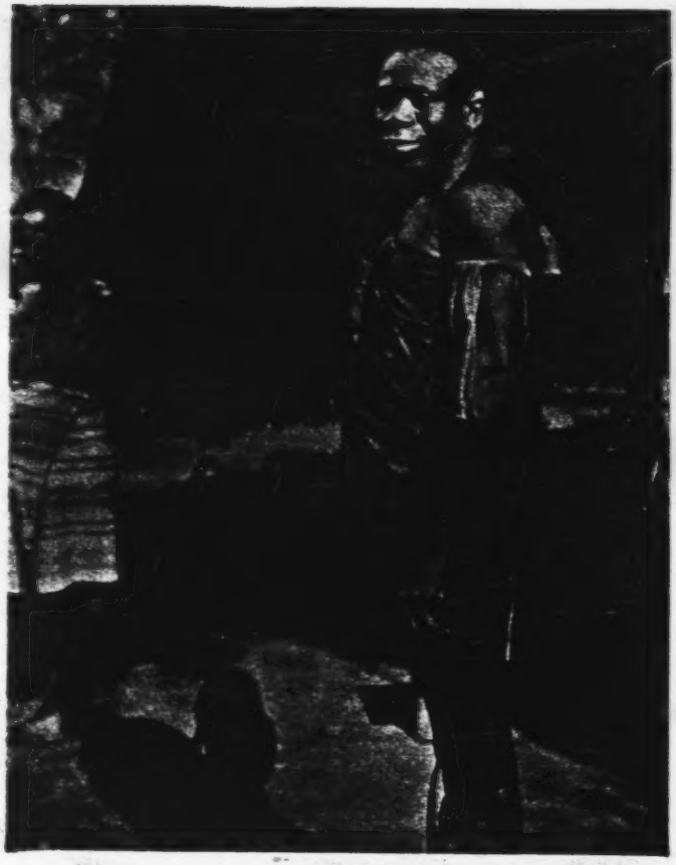

Bush Negro Man of the Lower Saramacca River.

[Facing p. 94]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
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Bush Negro Men Visiting Paramaribo, the Capitol of Dutch Guiana.

Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 98]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner
Saramaccaner
Boni

619 184 In general appearance and culture the Aucaners vary little from the other large tribe, the Saramaccaners.

[531] The art motifs and their treatment as displayed on the Aucaner wood carvings as a rule differ from those of the Saramaccaners. On the other hand, some of the pieces were found to be practically identical.

The Aucaner talkee-talkee also differs from that of the Saramaccaners, the former being more like the speech of the [197 198 191] Town Negroes. The Aucaners have no deepee-talkee or odo as have the Saramaccaners, but they have a dialect known as *Koropina* where a *p* or an *m* is spoken before the vowels in a word for the purpose of confusing strangers. A similar custom is prevalent among the Negroes of Curaçao, Dutch West Indies.

[291] The dress of the Aucaners is the same as that of the Saramaccaners, excepting that they affect more often the breast-cloth, the *wassapangye,* and the head-cloth, the *mussu.*

Among the Aucaners the toga garment is called the *yembah,* while it is called a camissa by the Saramaccaners. The barrier of palm leaves is called *chifunga* by the Aucaners and *azang pau* by the Saramaccaners.

[262 606 194] The system of food taboos and general culture are the same. There is no mother-in-law taboo among either the Aucaners or the Saramaccaner tribe.

[161] 648 The Boni tribe, which consists of about 900 people, is descended from escaped slaves who crossed the Marowyne River into French Guiana and who were allowed to remain there unmolested by the French authorities. This is the only

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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An Aid to Busy Mothers.

[Facing p. 108]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

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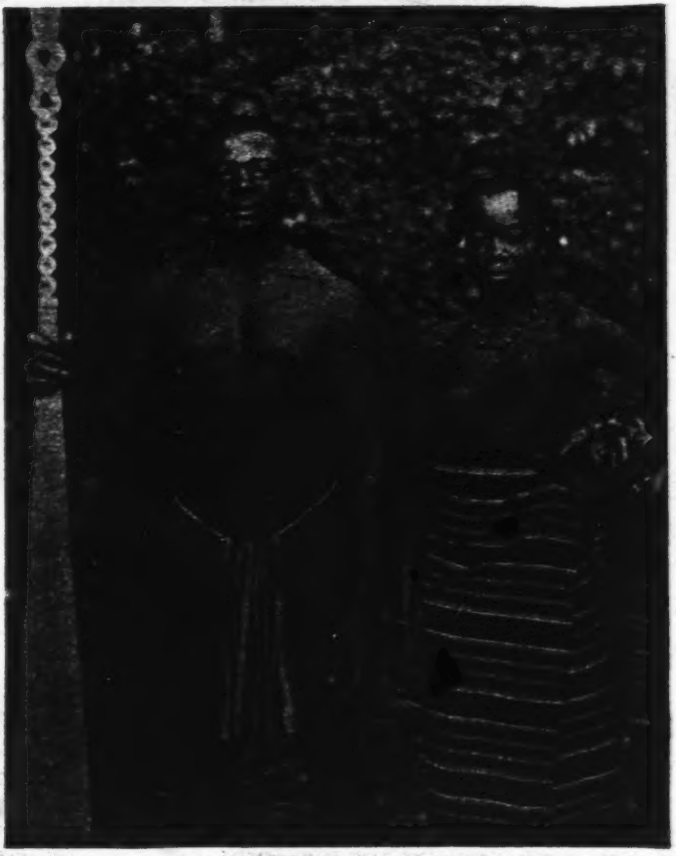

Bush Negroes of the Saramaccaner Tribe, Upper Surinam River.

Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 110]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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A Bush Negro Mother on the Lower Saramacca River.

[Facing p. 112]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Paramacca

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Bush Negro Men of the Paramacca Tribe, Middle Marowyne River, French Guiana. The child is being tended by its maternal uncle, who, in the social structure of these people, takes the place of the father in tending the children.

[Facing p. 120]

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

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Bush Negro Women of the Saramaccaner Tribe.
Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 122]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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Bush Negro Man and Women of the Aucaner Tribe from the Tapanahoni River, Dutch Guiana. Note scar tissue decoration on face and chest of woman at left. The central figure is "Moi-Man" (Nice Fellow), one of Dr. Kahn's guides.

[Facing p. 128]

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

were born, such as Monday-child, Tuesday-child, and so on.

The boys of about seven to ten years of age form themselves into groups and play at hunting or fishing, or canter in and out of the village. There seems to be very little organized game playing among the children. For that matter the adults have no organized games aside from that of gambling with the *adji-boto* board. The little girls play at house making, or follow pursuits of a less arduous nature than do the boys, and to them in particular is given the care of the young children, although the boys often do their share in this matter. The arts of hunting, fishing, canoe work, and jungle craft in general are usually taught the boy by his maternal uncle, or by some other male relative of his mother's family, and less often by his actual father. At irregular intervals there are canoe races, and the young men indulge in wrestling as a pastime.

We know of no initiatory rites for ceremonially admitting children into the tribe at puberty. Among the Aucaners, however, the boy does undergo a slight ceremonial to indicate that he is at last a full-fledged adult. Most of the children of both sexes are entirely nude, and no notice is taken of the fact. At about the age of ten the boy begins wearing around his waist a string of singrassi, in anticipation of a loin-cloth. When the maternal uncle judges that the boy is old enough, he stands the boy up before the entire village, assembled for the purpose, and gives him a loin-cloth and camissa. But first the uncle rips off any cloth that happens to be on the boy's body and draws attention to his nudity. Everyone is told to

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Boni

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A Bush Negro Woman of the Boni Tribe with a Carved Wooden Flail Used Instead of a Wringer, for Cloth. The right hand holds a tin containing an infusion of tobacco leaf and water.

[Facing p. 156]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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Bush Negro Men of the Aucaner Tribe. Note scar tissue decoration on faces. Cottica River, Dutch Guiana.
Photo by Klein

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2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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"Cow Fie" (Cow Fly), Six Feet Tall, and "Moi-Man" (Nice Fellow),
Two Expert Canoemen from the Upper Tapanahoni River.
Aucaner Tribe.

[Facing p. 166]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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Bush Negro Man, "Amehkimoi" (Makes Nice Things), with a Carved and Inlaid Pot Stirrer Which He Has Just Completed for His Wife. *Aucaner Tribe,* Upper Cormotibo River, Dutch Guiana.

[Facing p. 172]

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

The decoration of
177 objects with cowrie shells comes by way of Africa. The
[329] monkey dance said to be practised by the Djukas is described
[796] as similar to the gorilla dance of the West Coast. The coiled
wire bracelets and anklets are of African design, and the
[301 general mode of dress is the same.
291]

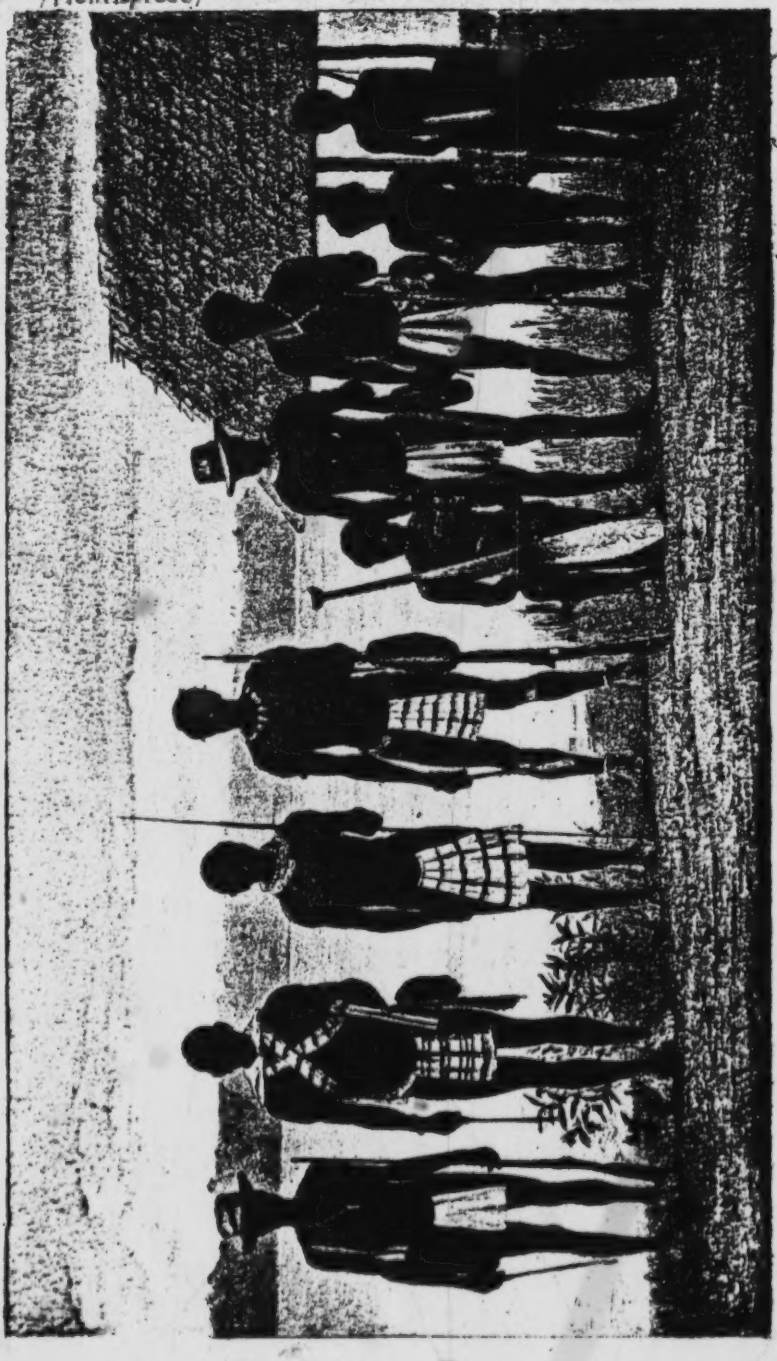
The Djuka attitude toward the silk-cotton tree is common among the tribes of the Guinea Coast. "Throughout West
[824] Africa from Senegal to the Niger the silk-cotton tree is regarded with reverence and believed to be the abode of a god or spirit. This general consensus of opinion is no doubt due to the stupendous size attained by some of these trees, which tower far above all others of the forest."

[524] *Adji-boto,* a game in which seeds are placed in round holes in a board, is played not only by the Bush Negroes but also by the Town Negroes of Paramaribo; it is found along the Gold Coast, Benin, Sierra Leone, West Sudan, and, in modified forms, in many other parts of Africa. The fish spear
[227] of the Djukas is found in Liberia, Mandingo, and the Gold Coast. Shooting fish with a bow and arrow is an African
[224] custom, but it is also widespread among the aboriginal Indians of South America. On the other hand, according to Dr. W. Roth of Demerara, a number of traps and hunting devices now used by the Guiana Indians are of African origin and have been borrowed from the Negroes.

[372] The Djuka fire fan, woven of split rattan, is borrowed from the Arawak Indians, but different types of the same device can be found also among the Tshi- and Ewe-speaking people and in Liberia, Cameroons, etc. The Bush Negro

3: Coster--i F-5 (ca. 1857) 1866 SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

/Frontispiece/



Bush Negroes in the Colony of Surinam

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534 holds out the longest and is the fastest and most accurate performer
535 of the specific steps for this is cheered as the winner.

Banja or baljaar is one of the true African dances. This name is also given to the African guitar, a musical instrument formerly generally known in the colony, but now totally vanished. This dance is performed to the beat of the two drums and the
[824] kwakwa stool. For this dance the women provide themselves with a saka-saka, a toy having the shape of a great rattle and made from a calabash filled with corals or pits of the Canna indica and Canna lutea, also called viengoe by them. They turn and shake this saka-saka according to the beat of the song taken up by them, which produces a peculiarly strange sound.

Chapter XIX

Clothing, Ornaments, Tattooing

• 291 Their clothing is very simple. The women ordinarily wear merely a piece of colored linen or cotton strip, called bont, two ells long and one and a quarter ells wide. They wrap this around their middle and allow it to hang down below the knee joints, calling it pangi. This undergarment of the Negro women is thus named
301] after pano (Spanish) and pagne (French). As a rule they have the upper body bare, while around the neck, the wrists, and the ankles
302 they wear strings of coral, which greatly take their fancy. They usually plait the head hair into a large number of small braids and bind the ends of these with white cotton threads. Some of them wear their hair combed out, as a result of which their heads,
301 seen from a distance, resemble large mop-heads. They are very fond of blood corals, which are greatly valued among them for ornamentation.

[292] When they celebrate a festival, they also wear a large number of colored cloths of cotton or muslin around the neck, and further adorn themselves with copper and iron rings around the wrists, among which there are strings of coral in the same manner

/27 cont./

301 as the European girl wears her bracelets. On their fingers they wear a number of copper rings, sometimes doubtless up to ten; the thumb is likewise generally decorated with them.

291 /28/ As a rule the men content themselves with merely
292 a simple loincloth or belt, but if they go so far as to dress up, then they wear a broad-brimmed hat which is usually painted with various colors; around the crown they wear a wide band whose ends hang far down over the brim.

301 Around their necks they frequently wear a string of tiger's
237 teeth and the incisors and molars of wild pigs (the pakier and piengo) and of other animal species that they have caught on the hunt; they wear these same ornaments hanging from a broad band under the knee, and to them is added now and then a shell, a piece of copper, iron, lead, and so forth. Their ornaments also include parrot and West Indian raven (1) feathers and small tassels

1. Lafroe, Psittacus macao L.

made of cotton.

301 They call the last-named obias (2). Just like the women,
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2. Obia, charm. The same efficacious powers as the superstition sees in amulets and talismans are seen in this.

they wear colored cloths around the neck.

304 Like almost all tropical and African peoples, they tattoo themselves. Men, women, and children undergo this operation, and although they are set upon having this as ornamentation, they nonetheless look down upon the man decorated with many tattoos just as the European does on an effeminate dandy. There are among them those whose face and body are virtually covered with the incisions, but they are looked upon with contempt by the industrious and those most developed spiritually. They say that the former are too attached to luxury and must be lazy to waste

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Fig. 7. Ten-month-old food-ground with high cassava. On the right, kapoeweri; weeds in the foreground. -- Tapanahoni, Drietabbetje, Oct. 1952.

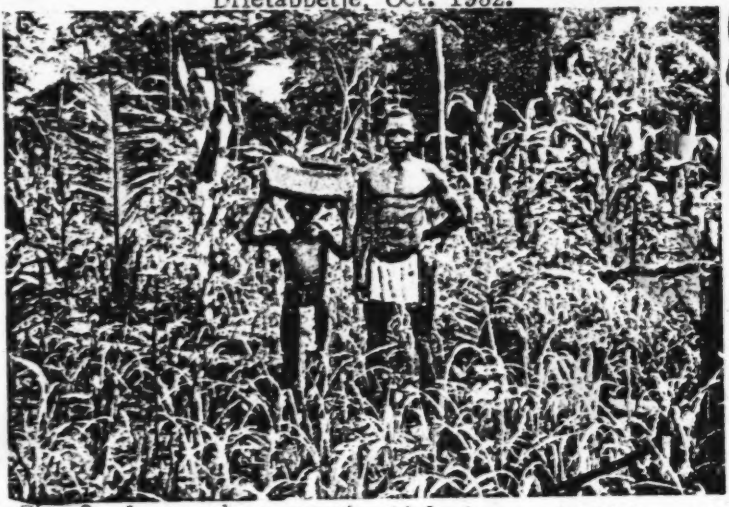

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Fig. 8. Large, three-month-old food-ground with harvestable maize and watermelons. Rice in the foreground. -- Tapanahoni, Drietabbetje, March 1952.

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Fig. 9. Baking cassava bread on the iron baking plate (the "pan"). -- Tapanahoni, Drietabbetje, June 1952.

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Fig. 10. Pounding the expressed pieces of cassava (in the pan in the foreground) to flour in a wooden mortar (the "matta") in order to bake bread with it. -- Marowijne, Albina, April 1953.

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Fig. 11. Threshing the rice ears on a sack with the feet. -- Tapanahoni, Drietabbetje, June 1952.

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Fig. 12. The fruits of the pina palm are collected in a basket; a beverage is made from the fruit-pulp. -- Marowijne, Albina, April 1953.

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Fig. 13. The pitting of the maripa palm, from which the kernels (lying on a plate on a kerosene tin), after drying in the sun, are used for boiling edible oil out of them. -- Tapanahoni, Drietabbetje, June 1952.

Fig. 14. Winnowing rice with the "kède," after it has been pounded in a matta. -- Tapanahoni, Granbori, May 1952.

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Fig. 1. Boni type.

6:Hurault--107a K-5 (1948-1958) 1961 SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Boni

/facing p. 76/

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Fig. 15. House type of the Refugee Blacks; Loabi village (Djuka of the Upper Tapanahoni).

/132 cont./

C48 difficulty in learning the techniques of his group, for the years
871 when the mind is most pliant have been lost in this regard; as
156 for the knowledge acquired at school, it is so foreign to the life of the Refugee Blacks that at the end of a few years none of it remains except vague smatterings.

861 In general, the process of education employed among the Refugee Blacks is imitation of the adult. A child is rarely given a lesson as such. He sees something done, he tries on his own
868 initiative, and little by little he learns. For example, /133/ he sees his guardian make a boat; he is simply asked to go and get dry palm branches and to take away the chips; he hears the adults discuss the job as it goes on. At about the age of 12 or 13 he tries to make a first boat for himself with the help of an older comrade. He progressively acquires knowledge of this technique.

561 Boys begin to take part in farm work from the age of six
462 or seven, principally weeding and planting. At about ten or eleven they begin to handle the machete and help to cut through the bush; at about 12 they begin to handle the axe and learn to fell trees. At 14 or 15 they begin to make small boats. An adolescent of 16 or 17 is in general capable of cutting a clearing for his mother or sister.

429 Most often the guardian takes his role very seriously, giving
86 his main attention to teaching the child all that is necessary. If it is a woman, she asks her brothers to teach the techniques of boating and building.

866 The principle is to develop very early a sense of responsi-
461 bility in the child by making it progressively necessary for him
434 to earn his living. The guardian does not furnish pocket money,
[291] and with the exception of a hammock every other year, no manufactured objects (children under 11-12 years not being clothed, he has almost no expenses for clothing). But he gives the child progressively chances to earn money by his work. From ten years on, the child begins to render some services: for example for the construction of a boat, he helps transport the dry palm branches intended for the burning. If the boat is being

/145 cont./

582 Generally speaking, the custom of the Refugee Blacks used to consider as immoral the marriage of a very young girl to an old man, or of a very young boy to an adult woman. 588 178 The weakening of family morals is clearly demonstrated by two events which happened during the summer of 1960. A boy of thirteen and a half, K... of Boniville, left his guardian to join an Assisi woman, A..., 20 years older than he and with a very bad reputation to boot; some months later his example was imitated /146/ by a boy of 14 who began living with a [684] [613] woman of 29. Nothing like that had ever been seen, and people inveighed against the scandal of it; but in both cases, guardians and lineage heads showed themselves incapable of making their authority respected by force.

882 [562] Marriage of girls. It can still be said (although things are in the process of changing rapidly) that girls, kweyi umã, occupy a place apart in the thought of the Refugee Blacks; the reprobation which embraces women does not extend to them. 882 834 [291] People say that girls "have good manners," and in fact most of them, although naked except for a little apron, have a reserved attitude, a becoming bearing, which contrast with the attitude of the married women. To tell the truth, this virtue is not so much due to natural inclinations as to the strict [593] vigilance with which their mothers surround them. The mothers literally do not let them out of their sight and permit no man to speak to them out of their presence. "Until dawn, until the cock crows, she keeps vigil," says the song, alluding to the mother who watches over her daughter's virtue. If a girl [836] [597] comes to lose her virginity without being properly married, pɔti na ɔsu, "established in a house," it is a dishonor for her mother and her near relatives.

6:Hurault--245a K-5 (1948-1958) 1951 SR8 Bush Negroes SR8 Boni

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Fig. 22. Offering of food to the ancestors.

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Fig. 23. Interrogation of the dead person.

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765 In the evening the young people dance in front of the houses of several men who have given the tafia, but that no longer has the character of a ceremony. All is over at eleven o'clock in the evening.

On the sixth day, Nov. 13, at seven o'clock, the elders assemble again in front of the /187/ banana leaves where a little of the food offered the day before remains (dogs and chickens have eaten part of it).

A long palaver begins, disconnected and disconcerting, whose purpose escapes me. The clearest thing coming out of it is that the captains make known what the grand man (absent from the ceremony) told them in the morning. They thank the grand man for this festival which has gone off without any incident; they say that they can be counted on if some mourning rises in another village.

[291] [535] [177] Todo makes apologies to the grand man because the young people were dressed in a new style (large loincloths /calimbés/ reaching to the ground) and danced several Creole dances. He says to the audience that this does not conform to custom and that the true Boni dances are sɔ̃ŋgɛ, susa, awasa.

Next Fintiman pours water gently on the banana leaves, calling the dead whose mourning is being lifted. "We pour water for you, watch over the people in your family, over the grand man and over those who have worked for the mourning, that they may be in good health, that nothing bad happen to them. We have done with you; stay where God put you."

765 765 [768] While pronouncing these words, Fintiman breaks his dead mother's bench and dish (for the dead boys, nothing had been brought). It is a question not only of marking the break with the living but of procuring for the dead woman what will be necessary for her in the Beyond. For this purpose a paddle is also broken, which her son Klémenti prepared for her, and calabashes prepared by her daughters.

6:Hurault--342a K-5 (1948-1958) 1961 SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Boni

/22.a/

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Fig. 26. Woman possessed by a Papa gadu god.

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Fig. 27. Dance of possession (Papa gadu worship).